



VOLUME XII. No. 33

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MAY 14, 1922

She is full of love and grace,  
A kind of flower in all the place.

Even the trees give her salutes,  
They seem to know who's near their roots.

She is something quite divine,  
And joy, oh joy, this mother's mine.

WYNDHAM TENNANT.

From *For Remembrance*, edited by A. St. John Adcock. George H. Doran Company, Publishers.

## When Lyle Made Over Mother.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

### CHAPTER II.

"IF you'll only help me out, I'll love you till I die," was the rash bargain closing the excited note Cousin Milly Marvin found on her dresser that evening. The faded little woman flushed as she read, and her gentle mouth registered determination. Lyle's mother was the greatest interest and idol of her life, and after her came Cheery, the canary that now fluttered about and chirped a greeting from his cage.

"I'd die for Betty Marvin," confided Cousin Milly to the bird, "so of course sewing for her will be real pleasure. I'll sit up nights if I need to, though I think I can finish everything next week. I'd saved that time for a little vacation, and being out at Betty's will be rest enough for me. And you're to go along, Cheery. Teddy will enjoy having you."

Cousin Milly glanced again at Lyle's hasty scribble. "Ten days to get things done," she reflected. "Plenty of time. I do believe Lyle is waking up."

If Lyle was merely undergoing that process, she was wide awake and wildly excited the day Cousin Milly arrived to surprise Mrs. Marvin,—suitcase, canary, and all. Lyle met her at the door, eyes starry, voice hushed. "She's below, ironing," she explained. "Oh, Cousin Milly! Such news!" She was ushering her guest upstairs as she chattered. "I won that contest! Just a little thing about birds, but it brought the prize and an autographed copy of Ernest Miles's new book on 'Birds of the Rockies'! Oh, I'm so proud! See, he was one of the judges, and he wrote 'I greatly appreciated the accuracy and the sympathy displayed in your bird notes.' And here's the gold piece!" She thrust it into her cousin's hand. "That makes sixty dollars. How far will it go?" anxiously.

"Far enough to take your mother to Des Moines to that convention," Cousin Milly replied promptly. She was not the same mouselike person at all. Love and pride in her work had transformed her into a live creature with pink cheeks and eager eyes. "Let me show you the material for the suit. Isn't that lovely? Midnight blue tricotine and a splendid value. I got a dressmaker's discount, remember, so that helps. And I mean to copy the prettiest toque I saw. It was twenty-five



From painting by William T. Smedley.



dollars and I can make it for less than ten."

Lyle was figuratively on her knees in awed gratitude. "You wonder!" she breathed fervently. "I have it all worked out. Aunt Pen is coming over to help break the news. There's the bell now," excitedly. "When I call you," she whispered as she darted away, "come right down. We may need the smelling-salts!"

The next hour may be said to have been the most epochal and exciting in Mother Marvin's experience, or in Lyle's, for that matter. At first the surprised lady was firm in her resolution not to have Lyle spend her money on any one but her own self. But Lyle was prepared, and rendered her mother helpless by a tide of loving eloquence, especially as Aunt Pen was such an able ally. To cap the climax, Cousin Milly descended with determination in her eye, a pattern and keen scissors in her hand, and business began on the spot. At the end of that surprising day Mother Marvin found her dazed self scheduled to appear at the big Federation in two weeks. Not only was she to deliver an address, but while thus occupied she was to wear a brand-new silk crêpe that matched her eyes perfectly.

Besides, there would be a modish tailored suit with a becoming new toque; not to mention beautiful pumps, gloves, and "other accessories," as Lyle quoted roguishly. Father Marvin was so pleased over Lyle's clever strategy that he managed to add a handsome new bag to the outfit, and to secrete therein some matinee money, or the wherewithal for some extra treat for "the honorable delegate from Denver."

"Your lovely pink hat is gone," announced Helen, mournfully, one day just before Lyle's mother departed. "Some co-ed from the University bought it. I asked the salesgirl."

Lyle's heart dropped just a degree, but it soared again as she assured Helen, "Why, just to see mother so young and happy is worth twice the money! And it isn't as if I were reduced to gunny-sacks, you know," she went on gallantly. "Cousin Milly is going to make over my French gingham and put a wonderful girdle on that ancient organdie. I'll have just as much fun at Edith's commencement as if I were a million-heiress in a limousine!"

"Of course you will," sighed Helen, more adoring than ever, but still regretting the lost Georgette hat.

"It's going to be a lark for mother, and what do you think?" Lyle was radiant. "Aunt Pen's husband is going West on a long trip, so she's moving over to keep house for us. It will be lovely for me."

So Mrs. Marvin went away in a whirl of anticipation and loving wishes, and looking as lovely as "a duchess traveling incog.," Lyle told Helen. She had a wonderful week and came home fairly laden with laurels, and brimming over with enthusiasm and eloquence.

"I had such a good time I can bask in the afterglow till I'm eighty!" she announced, hugging Lyle and Teddy in an armful. "Nobody's clothes were more 'starlish' as Ted says, than mine, and I felt all new and made over!"

"Don't," begged Lyle, in mock horror. "When it's your first appearance in brand-

new things since your wedding day, don't you dare call yourself made over!"

"I was referring to my mental state, dearie," laughed Mrs. Marvin, merrily. "Now you trot along and pack your toothbrush and things for your slumber party at Helen's. It's your last chance before going to Edith's commencement, and Cousin Milly is coming out for a secret session with me."

As Lyle turned to obey she had an odd expression. Cousin Milly had done a peculiar thing just after her mother's departure. To Lyle's unbounded surprise the little seamstress had handed her ten dollars before starting home with the canary.

"You don't mean to tell me you had a single Lincoln penny left over!" exclaimed Lyle, in amazement. "You surely are a wizard at buying and managing, Cousin Milly." Then impulsively, "Of course you did it all out of your love for mother. But you know I'd pay you for it if I could." Generously she proffered the ten-dollar bill. "It isn't much, but if you'll take it,"—

Cousin Milly had eyed her intently. With a Mona Lisa smile she took the money, saying simply, "I'll borrow it for awhile, if you're willing." The whole thing had struck Lyle as mysterious, though not for an instant did she begrudge the money. Then two days before she left for the university town the mystery was solved in a wonderful way.

Running up to her room after a tire-some hour's ironing and pressing below stairs, Lyle was greeted by a sight so inexplicable that she swayed dizzily and dropped to the cedar chest by the door. Her eyes were deceiving her, of course; or she was asleep and dreaming of the pretty things she had denied herself. For there on the bed were marvelous creations: a Georgette hat of varying shades of pink and a rose petal crown, a dainty ruffly voile with pink roses blooming over it, white kid pumps with the silkiest of hose, a parasol that any summer girl would have cried for, and an exquisite string of carved corals! Lyle stared, feasting her eyes on this Barmecide vision for a dazzled moment, then stole toward the beautiful array, certain it would all vanish like a mirage in the desert. Timidly she touched the dress. It was real! Longingly she reached for the hat—and knew she was not alone.

Cousin Milly and Mother stood in the doorway, watching her with tender, happy eyes. They soon convinced her that she was awake and that everything was her own. Lyle groped mentally and found a clew. "You didn't work all this magic with that lone ten dollars, even if you are top step to a fairy!" she flung at a beaming Cousin Milly.

"Not quite," admitted her cousin. "Your mother sold some articles to a magazine,—she ought to tell you herself, and that furnished—"

"The accessories," interrupted Mother Marvin blithely. "Milly created the frock and the hat you liked, dear. The parasol and the corals are gifts from Aunt Pen," Lyle was in her mother's arms now, "who very naturally wishes she had a daughter exactly like mine. The corals are a valuable keepsake. She bought them in Rome years ago. Don't cry, dear!"

"I—I've heard of p-people weeping for j-joy," Lyle was saying in a smothered tone, "but this is my first chance to try it! Oh, I'm the happiest and the luckiest!" Here she emerged just in time to welcome Helen, who had shared the secret and was fairly bursting at having kept it so securely.

"Put them all on," insisted Helen, firmly. "A dress rehearsal is necessary when a girl is going to a college commencement."

But in three steps Lyle was at the window, adoring a red-shafted flicker that had tapped inquiringly at the great cottonwood by her window.

## Our Queen of May.

BY MARJORIE DILLON.

OF all the year this happy day  
We set apart for Mothers;  
For those who toil and strive and pray,  
Who always live for others.

To show the homage that we pay,

All over this great nation,  
For Mother, fairest Queen of May,  
We wear the white carnation.

## Two Happy Helper Clowns.

BY MARY LOUISE STETSON.

IT had been such a joyful picnic until Emily tumbled from the cliff. After that it had been a very sorrowful picnic. None of the boys and girls could be happy any more, and Emily felt very unhappy indeed.

"I wish I hadn't gone to that mean old picnic," she thought, as she lay in bed, one little leg all tied up in splints. "I wish I'd stayed at home and played dolls all by myself. If I had, then I shouldn't have been all alone right this minute. I'd have been out at Lilla's grandfather's farm and Lilla and Beth and I would have been having a lovely time." Emily heaved a sigh—so big a sigh that the bedclothes rose up in a hill and then fell down again.

The doorbell rang. Emily paid no attention. The doorbell is always ringing at Emily's house, and Emily often sees men and women and children with bandages about their eyes or throats, or cotton in their ears, all coming to have Emily's father make them well again. Emily didn't believe her father ever hurt half so much as Lilla's father, who was called just after that frightful picnic.

But it wasn't long before Emily heard a merry laugh downstairs. Nobody could be sick and laugh like that. Emily was interested right away, and listened as hard as ever she could, but not another sound did she hear till the door burst open and Lilla and Beth rushed into the little pink room where Emily lay.

"Hello, Grandpa!" Lilla cried gaily. "Beth and I have come out to spend the whole afternoon at your house. We're going to stay to supper, too, if you don't mind; and we hope you're going to have raspberries with sure-enough cream on top."

"And some soda biscuit," added Beth.

"And some frosted cakes," finished Lilla.

A queer little smile flitted across Emily's face. Of all the Happy Helpers, there are none jollier than Lilla and Beth. Emily knew that something very interesting was



about to happen, but just what it was, she couldn't think.

"Perhaps, Grandpa, you'd like to have us pick the raspberries the very first thing," suggested Lilla. "Of course, where you have rheumatism so bad, it's hard for you to stoop over. Would you like to have us pick the raspberries?" Lilla looked straight into Emily's eyes as she asked the direct question.

And Emily smiled. "Yes," she answered curiously.

"Then we'll do it," promised Beth, and a moment later, Emily was again alone.

When her guests returned, they looked so funny that she laughed right out loud. Emily had seen those faded sunbonnets and those ugly dresses that fasten up the front. She knew they were being borrowed from her own mother's attic, but never before had they looked so comical as they did on Lilla and Beth. Each girl carried a tin pail, and the search for make-believe raspberries began at once.

"The best ones are up in the pasture," Lilla said. "Don't you remember, Grandpa, where we found them last year?"

Of course Emily remembered. That had been such a wonderful day on the farm!

"Then let's go up in the pasture and get them," suggested Beth. And up in the pasture they went. They climbed a make-believe stone wall, jumped a make-believe brook, and eagerly gathered the make-believe raspberries, and all the while they chatted and laughed as if stone wall, brook, and raspberries were all real.

Suddenly Lilla gave a dreadful-scream and ran for the stone wall. Beth, following after, stubbed her toe on the over-ground root of an old tree and fell flat, all her berries tumbling into the brook. She didn't stop to cry about the berries, though. She picked herself up as fast as ever she could, and dropped, quite out of breath, on the safe side of the wall just as the make-believe cow, with lowered head, charged against the other side.

Meanwhile the doorbell had again rung, but of course a poor little doorbell had no chance at all of being heard above all the racket made by those two frightened berry-pickers. The door of the pink room opened, and the new maid ushered in the minister.

There was a moment of awful silence. Then the minister threw back his head and laughed so heartily that even Lilla and Beth smiled out of sympathy.

"Well, well, I'm trying to cheer the sick this afternoon," he said, "but I plainly see I'm not needed here. You little ladies are doing a deal better than I could ever hope to do, so I'll go on down to Widow Jones's." He crossed the room as he spoke, smiled into Emily's merry face, took her small hand in his and wished her a speedy return to health.

He planned to go away then, but Lilla asked shyly: "Please, Mr. Marston, won't you stay? We've just finished picking the berries for supper, you see, and now we want to help the hired man bring in a load of hay—but there isn't any hired man."

Once, not so very, very long ago, Mr. Marston, the minister whom all children love, had been a little boy, a little boy with an imagination. He had made four calls that afternoon. In every house, somebody had cried. He thought he might find a little girl crying at Emily's house, but



CHERRIES ARE RIPE.

instead he found three little girls all as happy as could be. It was very pleasant calling at Emily's house, and, quite forgetting that he was the respected pastor of a large city church, he gaily consented to play the part of hired man at the make-believe haying. He played it beautifully, too. Lilla, Beth, and Emily agreed that he talked and acted so much like funny Jim Hawkins that they'd hardly know the difference, and the minister seemed to think that a fine compliment.

This part of the entertainment had scarcely been finished, when Emily's mother returned from a hurried trip downtown.

"Why, Mr. Marston, I'm so glad to see you," she greeted cordially. "It was ever so kind of you to come and help cheer up my little girl."

"I deserve no credit at all, Mrs. Lane," confessed the minister. "I dreaded to come. I hate to see little children suffer, but here I've seen only smiles, and am

going away cheered by my call upon your brave little daughter and her two rollicking friends."

Lilla crept close to Mrs. Lane and whispered something. Mrs. Lane laughed.

"Certainly, dear, if you like," she said. "You are one of the hostesses for the afternoon."

"Then, please, Mr. Marston, won't you stay to supper at Grandpa's?" invited Lilla. "Mrs. Lane said she'd play she was Grandma, and Emily, of course, has to be Grandpa that has the rheumatism so much, but the hired man always sits down at the table too, and the supper isn't make-believe at all. It's real raspberries and real cream and real biscuit and real cakes with frosting on top."

And then, of course, Mr. Marston telephoned that he wouldn't be home to supper, and kept right on playing the part of hired man till all the raspberries and biscuit and cakes were gone.

### Disarming the Temper.

BY J. ELMER RUSSELL.

**W**E are hearing a great deal in these days about disarmament, or at any rate about limiting the size of our armies and navies.

Boys and girls may feel that they have nothing to do with the big questions which were discussed at the Washington Conference, but after all there is something very practical which they can do which will help to promote the peace of the world. They can disarm their own tempers.

The story is told of a traveler from this country who was going, recently, through an art gallery in Berlin. As he walked through the corridors he stopped a moment to watch a young woman who was copying a masterpiece. She asked him if he were an American, and when he said "Yes" she began to talk about America's entrance into the war. Soon she was in a violent rage, and gathering up her brushes

and colors she left, saying, "I hate you so, I cannot do anything."

It is tempers like this which make it hard for nations to agree, and when boys and girls lose their tempers they are also doing their part to keep good-will out of the world. The world is made up, not of masses of folks, but of distinct men and women and boys and girls. Peace cannot be made in the mass. It will come through the spirit of good-will coming to persons one by one. To lose the temper is to live in the spirit of war. To keep the temper permanently disarmed is to have a share in making world peace.

Man is God's child, therefore man is man's brother. Till the world gives this chance for brother to work with brother, each on the other depending, this world does not know fully what man is, or what man is good for.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.





## THE BEACON CLUB



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Any club member who has lost his button *must send a two-cent stamp* when requesting another.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Dear Miss Buck,—I am a member of the First Protestant St. John's Church in which our church has organized a club in which I preside. The recent name of our club is P. S., which signifies Prompt Service. From the initials of our minister's name, "H. G. E.," we have expressed the object of our club as follows: to Help; to do Good; and to Endeavor. I would be much obliged if you would send me a few names of girls with whom we could correspond, between the ages of fourteen and sixteen.

Yours truly  
MARCELLA HABEL.

PELLA, IA.

Dear Miss Buck,—I certainly enjoy reading the letters in your Beacon Club, although I am seventeen years old. I would enjoy hearing from a few members of the Club and it gives me great pleasure to become a member. We have a small library right here at home and we all enjoy reading the splendid Unitarian literature.

Here's for the promotion of Unitarianism!  
Yours very sincerely,  
DOROTHY SYBENGA.

93 FAXON ROAD,  
ATLANTIC (71), MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I enjoy *The Beacon*, especially the reading, and my brother does too. I am twelve years old and I go to the Unitarian Sunday school in Quincy, Mass. My minister's

name is Mr. Well and my teacher's name is Mrs. Holmes. My brother is sixteen years old and he goes to church every Sunday. I have been to Sunday school for four years without missing a Sunday,—this will make my fifth year.

Sincerely yours,  
EDITH B. PAIGE.

MONTPELIER, VT.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club and wear its button. My Sunday-school teacher came up and ate sugar on snow with me. I am eight years old.

With sunshine,  
LUCINA CUMMINGS.

Other new members of our Club are Kathleen Ferris, Vancouver, B.C.; Lillian Thomas, Ellsworth, Me.; Edith Seavey, Prospect Harbor, Me.; Dorothy Baldwin and Hamilton Davis, Wilton, N.H.; Bessie Aron, Ansonville, N.C.; Helen M. Green, East Cleveland, Ohio; David Post, Wilkinsburg, Pa.

Other new members of our Club in Massachusetts are Bertha Hoyte, Atlantic; Gertrude Whiteside, Dorchester; Marion Bushby, Fairhaven; Eleanor M. Peirce, Fall River; Constance and Janet Willey, Melrose; Laura Austin Geers, Stow.

### Church School News.

THE church school of the First Unitarian Church of Salem, Mass., is having a contest for increase of membership. The members of the school are divided into Reds and Blues. Since January, six new members have been added and two former members of high-school age have been induced to return. We shall soon hope to know which side succeeds in securing the largest number of new members for the school.

At Meeting House Hill, Dorchester, the enrollment of the school has increased since October 1st from ninety to 114 members. In October the average attendance of this school was seventy-six and in January eighty-eight.

Two new features have this year been introduced in the church school of the First Unitarian Church at Buffalo, N.Y. One is that members of the school read the opening service. This duty is assigned for a month at a time to a class, beginning with the oldest and taking boys and girls alternately. The teacher appoints the reader for each Sunday, and the reader selects and prepares the service. The results of this feature are gratifying, as the members of the school do the work very well. On Young People's Sunday, a half-dozen of the young people selected from the school took part in the church service. The second innovation is the selection for each month of a hymn that is found both in the book used in the church school and in the Hymn and Tune Book in use in the church. This hymn is sung in the school during the Sundays of the month. The words of it are commented on and explained. Then on the last Sunday of the

month the school meets with the congregation and that hymn is sung as one of the regular hymns in the church service. The result of this effort is that the school and the congregation are brought into more sympathetic touch with each other. The school hired Elmwood Theatre for a matinee performance on Washington's Birthday and members sold tickets for it. A large audience was present and more than \$100 was realized toward the charities which the school maintains. A faculty dinner was given in November, followed by a well-attended Parent-Teacher meeting addressed by Dr. Daniel P. Leary, Professor of Psychology in the University of Buffalo.

The bulletin of All Souls Unitarian Church, Indianapolis, Ind., devotes nearly half its news space to notes about the church school. A contest lasting during February and March between the Reds and Blues to secure new members for the school was won by the Reds. As the reward is to be a dinner for all contestants and as the Blues also brought in new members, it is evident that the school gains much by this effort and that there is really no loser in the contest. Trips into the country on Sunday afternoon are being taken by various classes in the school. They are invited to come with luncheon and suitable clothing for a tramp, prepared to leave immediately after the school session. Any other members of the school and grown-ups also are invited to join the hiking party.

A long list of pupils who were present each Sunday during March is given and six pupils are named who have been in attendance every Sunday during the present season.

## RECREATION CORNER

### ENIGMA LXII.

I am composed of 17 letters.  
My 14, 17, 15, 6, is a part of the body.  
My 13, 15, 16, 17, is another name for story.  
My 10, 11, 3, 4, 5, 6, is given for good behavior.  
My 7, 8, 9, 10, means always.  
My 12, 1, 2, is a boy's nickname.  
My whole is a widely-known Unitarian minister.

DEBORAH THOMPSON.

### ENIGMA LXIII.

I am composed of 32 letters.  
My 15, 14, 2, is used in the woods.  
My 5, 25, 6, is a boy's name.  
My 1, 21, 29, 8, 12, is a complaining sound.  
My 20, 31, 26, 13, is to rub with a cloth.  
My 32, 24, 7, 30, is one of two.  
My 16, 27, 17, is made by a knife.  
My 19, 12, 9, 18, is a loud cry.  
My 3, 10, 11, 4, is a girl's name.  
My 28, 22, 23, is to make lace.  
My whole is a plain statement of fact.

D. H.

### DIVIDED WORDS.

(Two-syllable words, each syllable of which is a word. Spelling not always accurate.)

1. I am to buy. Take away the sound made by a contented cat and leave to run after.
2. I am a small street-boy. Take away to sin and leave a part of the face.
3. I am a pupil. Take away to simmer and leave a depression.
4. I am a criminal. Take away dropped and leave a preposition.
5. I am thoughtful. Take away a writing implement and leave a colander.
6. I am acrid. Take away a quip and leave an abbreviated male.
7. I am a measure for grain. Take away a small tree and leave part of a house.
8. I am to turn sour. Take away a Northern animal's coat and leave intended.
9. I am a youth. Take away dropped and leave not high.
10. I am easily bent. Take away a fold and leave a small insect.

P. R. H.

### TWISTED ANIMALS.

- |                  |               |
|------------------|---------------|
| 1. Hcsnrrcoilo.  | 6. Lwsae.     |
| 2. Thplceua.     | 7. Deuckhowo. |
| 3. Yennmok.      | 8. Qlerusir.  |
| 4. Galroil.      | 9. Ycteco.    |
| 5. Ggtinnoraoua. | 10. Bdgrae.   |

BETSY OWEN.

### ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 31.

ENIGMA LVII.—Popocatepetl.  
ENIGMA LVIII.—Do not say all that you know, but always know what you say.

AUTOMOBILE PUZZLE.—Cole, Moon, Hudson, Oakland, Ford, Gardner (gardener), Studebaker (student, baker).

## THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR.

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